

Second installment of "WEIR OF HERMISTON," the last story of Robert Louis Stevenson, in this issue.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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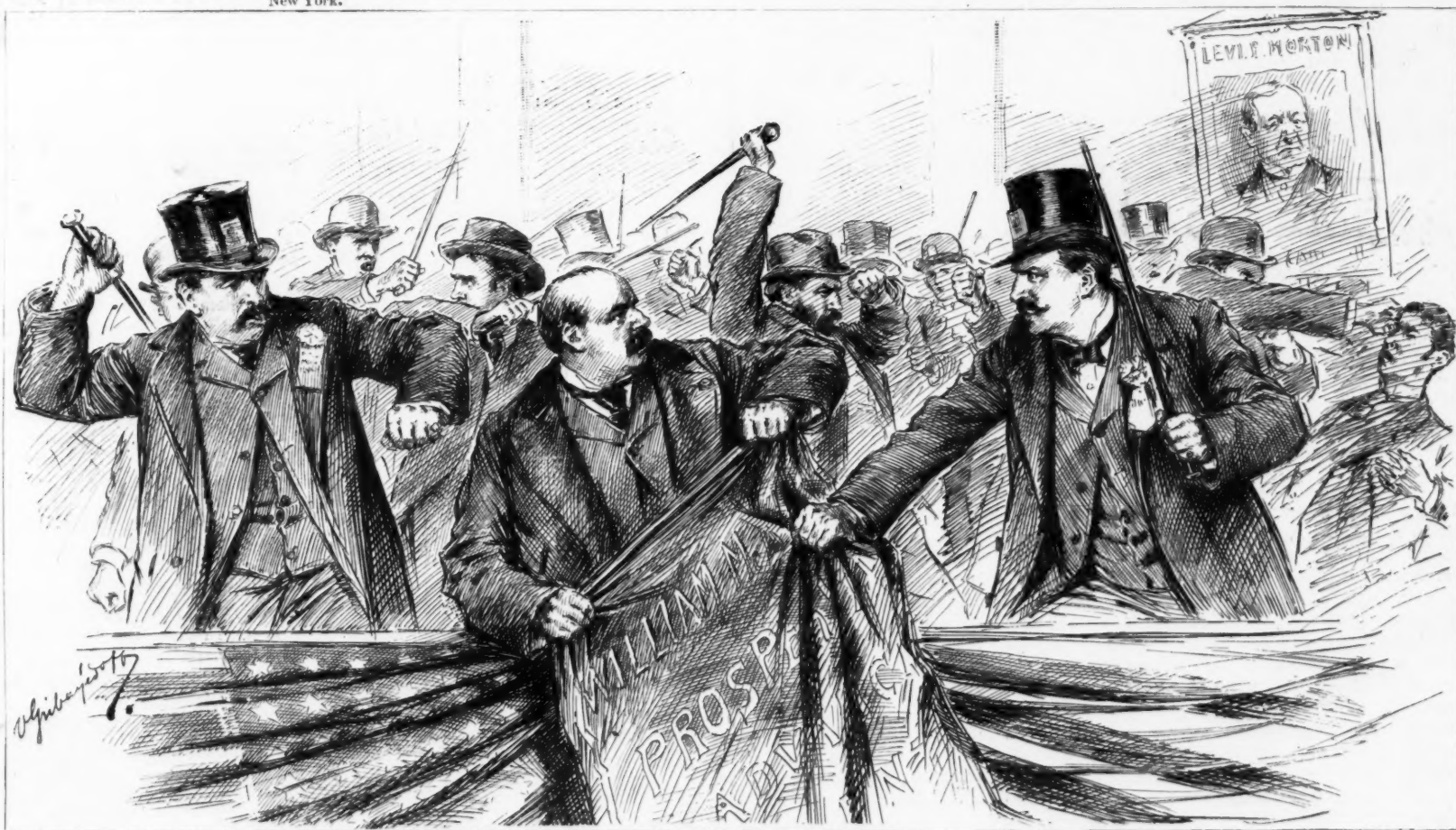
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Handsome "Billy" Barnes and his boy followers from Albany, New York.

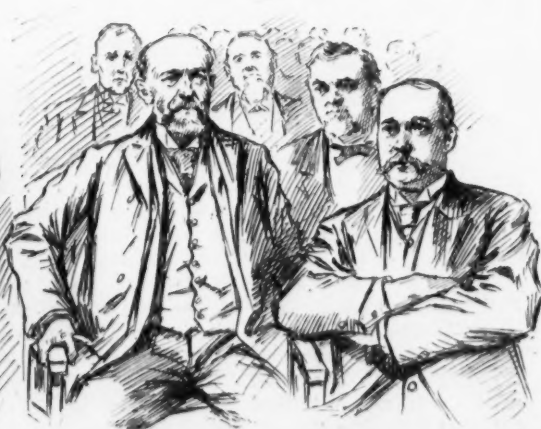
The Silk-hat and White-choker Brigade from Troy.



The great fight for the McKinley banner.



J. Sloat Fassett in a happy frame of mind, after making his peace with the Boss.



Mr. Platt watches the convention proceedings with keen interest



The Morton champion shouter at the moment of the struggle in the gallery.

HUMORS AND ILL-HUMORS OF NEW YORK POLITICS.

SKETCHES AT THE LATE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.

"WEIR OF HERMISTON." The Last Story of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

We present in this issue the second installment of this unfinished romance and last work of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The theme is one on which his mind had long been working. He did not, however, betake himself in earnest to the composition till the last weeks of his life (see "Vailima Letters, pp. 230, 231 and Epilogue), and the chapters which he lived long enough to write, and which will be printed in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, constituted, it may be surmised, little more than a third part of the intended book. They were dictated by the author to his step-daughter and devoted amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, during the month of November and the first days of December, 1894; and the last lines were written on the very morning of his sudden seizure and death. None of his earlier work had been produced at such a sustained pitch of invention, or with so little labor in the way of correction or recasting, and the amount of editorial revision which the text has required has been slight in the extreme.

The date of the principal action is the winter and spring of 1813-14; the place partly Edinburgh and partly the wild hill-country about the wells of Clyde and Tweed. (The name Crossmichael, borrowed from a village in Galloway, must not be taken, by those who happen to be familiar with it, as indicating the locality.) The character of Adam Weir, Lord Hermiston, has been in some degree suggested by that of a historical personage, Robert Macqueen, Lord Bradfield (b. 1722, d. 1799), but the plot and circumstances are wholly imaginary.

The story, as published in these columns, will be illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

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The Game of the Bosses.



Observe that some Pennsylvania newspapers are claiming with a great deal of pertinacity that when the final round-up is made in the St. Louis convention it will be found that a good

many Southern delegates are for Mr. Quay. Here in New York certain Morton managers claim that their particular favorite will have the support of the Southern delegations. None of these newspapers or managers deny that most of the delegates from these States are now counted for McKinley, but then it is three months yet before the convention meets, and a good many things, in the opinion of the managers of "favorite son" campaigns, can be done in that interval by missionaries properly accredited and equipped. The meaning of this is, obviously, that it is expected the Southern delegations will sell themselves to the highest bidder, and that, in this situation of affairs, the bosses will be able to nominate some congenial spirit who is willing to "pay the freight."

One representative of Mr. Quay, who has been "operating" in Florida, is reported to have made an open attempt to bribe the McKinley leaders by offers of patronage. "It is true," he said, "that if the masses controlled conventions McKinley would win. But the masses do not control. The politicians run things, and they have combined to defeat McKinley. Quay, Platt and others have already shaped matters so that McKinley can never be nominated. There are nearly enough votes now tied up for favorite sons to defeat the Ohioan. McKinley is doomed, and those who stand by him to the last need expect no favors from the man the politicians propose to nominate and elect President."

A Morton emissary who has been trying to "influence opinion" out in Indiana, talked in precisely the same vein in a recent interview with an Indianapolis newspaper. "This year it is anything to beat McKinley, and the field is standing together. Friends of Morton, Allison, and Reed will favor each other as against Ohio." And this representative of the combine went on to say that undoubtedly the strongest ticket would be Morton and Allison, and actually justified the putting of the Iowa Senator in second place by the argument that he would have a chance of being promoted—Governor Morton being so old a man that, if elected, his death before the end of his term might be naturally looked for. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the insincerity of Governor Morton's managers, or their inability to appreciate the ordinary decencies of life, than this astounding argument.

This is the game, then, of the political bosses, as openly avowed by their traveling agents. The rank and file of the party are to be disfranchised and their wishes ignored at any and every cost, and by any means whatever, no matter how foul and disreputable. We may be permitted to say that we do not believe the game will succeed. Partisan degenerates utterly misconceive the mind and purpose of the Republicans of the country if they imagine that any wholesale debauchery of delegates will be acquiesced in or can be carried out. The St. Louis convention will be held in the open daylight, with the eyes of a good many millions of people focused upon it. Corruptionists may burrow and bosses plot and conspire in the dark, but their cunning will avail them nothing in the presence of alert and watchful

constituencies intent on the preservation of the party honor and the vindication of the popular will.

Governor McKinley, against whom the corruptionists and self-seeking bosses of the party are combined, may not be nominated at St. Louis—we do not say that he would or would not be the best or strongest candidate; but it is as certain as fate that no man who is favored by the combine because they can use him can receive the nomination, and we are more than sure that if it were otherwise, and any candidate of these intriguers should by any chance be named as the party standard-bearer in defiance of the expressed will of the great Republican constituencies of the country, he would be repudiated at the polls.

Geographical Transformations.

MAP-MAKING is a kaleidoscopic art. Let any man going into the lean and slippered pantaloons, or expecting soon to get there, recall the maps that he pored over when a school-boy. Beyond certain immovable features he may find himself even ignorant of geography. The mountains and rivers are all there; but the boundaries of States are undergoing a continual change.

It should not be said, however, on reflection, that the changes are continual. They are intermittent. The great changes come only in cycles. The forces that prepare the conditions for an earthquake are a long time in coming together, but when the conditions are ready the earthquake is inevitable.

Look at a map of North and South America, published in the early 'forties, and compare it with a more modern map. The United States was a very thin country on the Pacific coast at the earlier date, notwithstanding the thrust northward into British Columbia given by the patriotic map-makers who believed in the "fifty-four forty or fight" legend, and never doubted that fight meant fifty-four forty if it meant a degree. Look, also, at the boundaries of Argentina, a nation barely more than born in the 'forties, but covering now in chief part the expansive territory of Patagonia, and a powerful enough factor in finance to disturb the equilibrium of the world.

From the western hemisphere go to the Orient. We would have seen greater changes there than we see were it not that Russia interfered after the recent bowling-match between Japan and China. But we can find considerable change, nevertheless, with more and possibly greater changes impending. Will China follow in the wake of a reconstructed Japan—or is she to be a subjected and dismembered China? He would be a bold man in the Occident who would venture to foretell what will happen in the Orient, for the ratiocinations of those Eastern people are not ours, and it is hard to tell at this date whether China will adopt Western civilization or fall before it.

Turn, then, to the continent of Europe, and recall the maps of forty years ago. Barely more than one or two of the nations retain precisely their old boundaries. There has never been but one Italy; but forty years ago it was composed of three nations under distinct sovereigns, and a fourth part rested in the grasp of Austria. France, at that time, could sing "The Watch on the Rhine" as well as her Teutonic rival; and the German empire, as it is at present known, was yet unborn. Turkey was still one of the Powers of Europe, and though a sick man, it was able to stretch its legs across the Danube and hold several now independent nations under its rule. A forty-year-old map of Europe might define the boundaries set up by the everlasting sea, and show us the topography of the continent; but for any political use it could hardly be more serviceable than a forty-year-old shoe. As to Africa, it is a new continent in everything except its geological eras, and a map of the interior of Africa forty years old would be about as truthful as a fancy sketch of Atlantis.

Will international boundary lines on the two American continents change as rapidly in the immediate future as they have changed in the past? One element of change has been eliminated. Europe recedes before the rising spectre of the United States, with our prospective two or three hundred millions of inhabitants. But the same apparition, working in a different direction, may make the future map-maker's task still more kaleidoscopic. The nations of Europe will look for no more conquests on this hemisphere. But can they hold what they already possess? Spain is bankrupting herself in a vain effort at retaining a single island. But the prospects of England on this continent are only a little more encouraging than those of Spain. She, too, must break down in her turn; and the chances of confederation after the Central and South American republics get tired of remaining weak when they might be strong, add greatly to the prospects of change. There is neither room nor occasion for more than two, or at the most three, nations on the western hemisphere.

The Grant Monument Dedication.

THE dedication of the Grant Monument in Riverside Park has been fixed for the 25th instant. The event will be a notable one, marking, as it will, the consummation of a nation's tribute to the memory of the foremost captain of the Civil War. It ought to be in every respect really national. To that end the co-operation of surviving Confederates should be invited by the committees in charge, and it should be the effort of all to make the occasion an impressive object-lesson of that restored unity of feeling

which constitutes the surest guarantee of our future stability as a people. There can be no doubt as to how leading Confederates would respond to such an invitation. There is not a survivor of the armies of Lee or Longstreet or Jackson who would decline an opportunity to do honor to the memory of Grant. To them, more truly than any other man of his time, he represented the spirit of clemency and forbearance which made possible their re-absorption into the nation's life without penalty or jar. It will be a mistake, as we think, not to afford a chance to individuals and organizations at the South to unite in the coming dedication of the monument which marks where his ashes lie. The veterans of the armies of the Potomac and northern Virginia are to participate in the dedication, in September next, of the old Philadelphia brigade monument on the battle-field of Antietam; why should they not clasp hands also at the tomb of Grant?

Apropos of this subject, a correspondent at Portsmouth, Virginia, writes us in approval of our recent article concerning the refusal of the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic to give his sanction to the proposed parade of Union and Confederate veterans in this city on the Fourth of July next. Our correspondent says: "I was not old enough to take part in the late war, but I lost a father in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, who fell leading the Ninth Virginia Regiment, of which he was commander. I, with many other of our people, looked on this proposition for a union parade as likely to be of great benefit through the deepening of the common love of country. Tell the unwise Grand Army of the Republic commander that in case of a war with a foreign Power the South would put as many men in the field as he would. I repeat that I would have liked to see the survivors of the late war in a grand parade together."

Mr. Bayard's Special Pleading.



R. BAYARD is evidently disposed to resent the rebuke recently administered to him by the House of Representatives for his speeches in England, in which he impugned the character of the American people and entered upon a denunciation of an accepted national policy. In an address, a few days since, at a public dinner in London he undertook to break the force of this rebuke by speaking at some length of the value and right of individual opinion,

implying that this right had in his case been invaded. He said, by way of exculpation, that there was nothing he would say in London that he would not say at home, and vice versa.

Mr. Bayard cannot escape responsibility for his imprudence by any such pretext as this. He knows as well as anybody that there are some things which he might say at home with entire propriety, either as a citizen or in a public capacity, which he cannot properly say as an American representative at a foreign court. No one challenges his right of individual opinion. But that right, like every other, has its limitations. As an American Senator or a citizen of Delaware, Mr. Bayard was free to denounce the system of protection or to arraign the character of his fellow-citizens whenever he chose to do so. But as our ambassador to England, speaking for the whole people, any discussion or criticism of this sort becomes an affront to the nation, and is in every respect an act of the gravest indelicacy, deserving the sharpest rebuke. The fact that a number of Democratic members of the House voted for the resolution of censure shows that it was so regarded by men of all parties and classes. In the country at large many Democratic newspapers and prominent leaders of the party have unhesitatingly condemned Mr. Bayard's extraordinary performance. Thus the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in a recent article, declares that "when Mr. Bayard, in his intense devotion to the President who appointed him, intimated to the people abroad that the people of this country needed a strong dictator to keep them in order, he crossed the limit of propriety." Very few people, that paper adds, "would have been hurt if he had been presented with an opportunity to resign, and had quickly embraced it. He ought to be made to feel that he has insulted his own country."

Mr. Bayard will probably wake up to the fact, one of these days, that no amount of special pleading over London dinner-tables will enable him to justify the course he has pursued as the censor and assailant of the people whom he represents in the high capacity of ambassador.

Progress of Arbitration.

THERE seems to be a genuine English sentiment in favor of a permanent Anglo-American arbitration tribunal to which recourse may be had in any and every emergency for the determination of disputes involving a possibility of war. The recent meeting in London, convened to consider this subject, while not great in numbers, was remarkable in point of quality, being attended by leading representatives of the most enlightened and influential classes and professions, while letters expressive of sympathy with its object were read from public leaders like Messrs. Gladstone, Balfour, Bryce, and Asquith, and also from many prominent men not usually identified with popular meetings. All the speeches were brimful of good feeling to

America. Whether this and other demonstrations of popular feeling have influenced Lord Salisbury in the policy he has adopted cannot, of course, be definitely stated, but it is significant that he has recently announced that proposals have been submitted to our government which cover the suggestions of the memorial addressed to him by the London meeting. This is certainly an important point gained in the direction of the peaceful arbitrament of international disputes. It may be that the proposals do not definitely include the Venezuela dispute, but if the basis of a general system of arbitration can be agreed upon, the adjustment of that particular controversy ought not to be difficult.

It may be taken for granted that our own government will do everything in its power to bring the negotiations now in progress to a favorable conclusion.

The New York Convention.

THE recent Republican State Convention held in this city was marked by an outbreak of McKinley sentiment which must have greatly surprised the party managers. These managers had adopted every possible precaution against any demonstration which would reveal the hollowness and insincerity of the Morton boom, and they apparently believed that their plans in this direction would be absolutely effective. They discovered their mistake when a motion to substitute the names of two McKinley men for those of Messrs. Platt and Lauterbach provoked an outburst of cheering which seemed for a time likely to stamper the convention. This display of enthusiasm was greatly intensified by the unfurling of a banner bearing the inscription, "William McKinley, Prosperity's Advance Agent." When a vote was reached on the motion to substitute, one hundred and nine delegates recorded themselves in its favor, thereby deliberately repudiating the scheme of the bosses and declaring their hostility, and the opposition of their constituencies, to the attempt to give these bosses, under pretense of favoring Governor Morton's nomination, control of the New York delegation for purposes of their own. Had every delegate in the convention voted his honest convictions the resolution would have been adopted by a decisive majority. Scores of these delegates who voted the slated ticket expressed themselves in private as favorable to McKinley.

What will be the outcome of this convention? The four delegates elected are, of course, supporters of Governor Morton's candidacy. They will vote in his favor and do everything possible to promote his success. But will all of them, when it becomes obvious that he cannot win, persist in casting their votes in his favor? Will Messrs. Depew and Miller consent to be used, indefinitely, in furtherance of the selfish schemes and ambitions of Mr. Platt? Will they acquiesce in an effort to employ the vote of the Empire State as an obstacle to a unanimous nomination at St. Louis, as the machine managers here are now threatening will be done if McKinley is made the candidate? We are not prepared to believe that either Mr. Depew or Mr. Miller will consent to do anything more than give an honorable support to Governor Morton so long as his nomination may seem to them to be possible. They cannot go beyond this and maintain themselves before the people. We expect, therefore, that the real sentiment of New York Republicans will find expression, not only in their votes but in those of a good many other delegates, after our executive has been duly complimented on the initial ballot.

The platform adopted by the convention is in every way an excellent one. It places the party on solid ground, both as to the tariff and financial question, and its influence upon popular opinion and the convention soon to be held cannot be otherwise than wholesome. The financial plank is as follows:

"The agitation for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one seriously disturbs all industrial interests, and calls for a clear statement of the Republican party's attitude upon this question, to the end that the trade of this country at home and abroad may again be placed upon a sound and stable foundation. We recognize in the movement for the free coinage of silver an attempt to degrade the long-established standard of our monetary system, and hence a blow to public and private credit at once costly to the national government and harmful to our domestic and foreign commerce. Until there is a prospect of international agreement as to silver coinage, and while gold remains the standard of the United States and of the civilized world, the Republican party of New York declares itself in favor of the firm and honorable maintenance of that standard."

The Raines Bill.

THE opponents of the Raines Excise law are greatly mistaken if they suppose that they can awaken public sympathy by the plea that under its provision the number of saloons will be largely diminished and great hardship will be inflicted upon many now engaged in the business. Some of our newspapers and certain leaders in Democratic politics seem to regard it as a calamity that, as they say, the places where liquor is sold will be reduced by from fifty to sixty per cent. Every right-minded citizen will regard this as a benefaction rather than a calamity. A large proportion of the vice, wretchedness, poverty and crime which exist in all our larger communities is directly traceable to the liquor traffic. The burdens of taxation are greatly increased by it. It is, under the best conditions, a menace to the social order and to the happiness and prosperity of the wage-earning class. If the Raines bill shall close up any

of these fountains of mischief the public will have reason to rejoice.

It is not because it may have this effect that the bill is objected to by our more thoughtful citizens. The great ground of objection is that, conceived in unworthy motives and enacted by disreputable methods, it creates a machine which, whether under Republican or Democratic manipulation, can be employed for pernicious ends, because it will lodge in the hands of a few men absolute and arbitrary control of a great interest, and by a system of blackmail or compulsion can consolidate the capital which this interest represents and the classes who are immediately concerned in it, in support of any scheme of legislation or any political propaganda which those in control of affairs may choose to carry out. If the law could be left to the orderly administration of officials chosen under civil-service rules, and selected because of their competency, integrity, and independence of partisan influences, and if the liquor tax could be collected as other taxes are, as in Ohio, it might possibly be made an instrument of good. Now, aside from the fact that it will diminish the number of saloons, it is likely, because of the peculiar provisions as to its enforcement, to be made an engine of mischief. While it may in some particular cases operate beneficially, and while it will, generally, perhaps, relieve tax-payers to some extent, it may be doubted whether it will contribute to the well-being of the State as a whole, or strengthen those moral forces upon which society so largely depends for its security against vice and immorality.

Senator Quay and His Friends.

SENATOR QUAY is not only an exceptionally astute politician, but he is also a famous fisherman, and spends a part of every winter in hunting the gamy tarpon in the waters of Florida. If newspaper accounts are to be believed, he is as successful in this particular line as he usually is in his political undertakings. He is by no means exclusive in his enjoyment of these Florida outings, quite frequently inviting his intimate friends to share with him the pleasures which they afford; and, possibly, if the truth could be known, it would be found that not a few of the campaigns which he has waged have been arranged in the restful quietude of his tropic retreat. An illustration given herewith shows a group of his visitors during his latest sojourn in Florida. It includes some of the most notable of the Republican leaders of Pennsylvania — most of them, it will be noticed, having a military rank. Quay was himself a soldier in the war of the Rebellion, and has a natural preference for military men, who understand the value of discipline in politics as well as in war.

Edison's Fluoroscope.

SINCE the announcement, a few months ago, of Professor Röntgen's discovery of the X ray no scientific man, it is reasonably safe to say, has given it as much attention as Thomas A. Edison. The great inventor has dropped most of his other work to develop and reduce to practicability the wonderful possibilities of the new ray of light, and he has just succeeded in obtaining results which, from the standpoint of practical utility, are undoubtedly the most important that have thus far been achieved.

Heretofore photography has been an indispensable part of experimentation with the X ray, for the reason that the latter is not visible to the naked eye, but will affect photographic plates. But Mr. Edison has been able to dispense altogether with the plates, and says that hereafter photography will in no way enter into his experiments with the ray. He has devised an exceedingly simple little instrument which he has named the fluoroscope, by which anybody can look directly through the flesh into the body, or through a thick block of wood, or even through a sheet of iron.

Not very long ago a person stating that such a thing was a possibility would have been regarded as of unsound mind. Yet in the light of our present knowledge of the X ray the explanation is very simple. Mr. Edison began the line of experiment which has resulted in the invention of the fluoroscope with the well-known scientific fact in mind that there are certain chemicals which possess in a remarkable degree the property of fluorescence or phosphorescence; that is, they receive light and give it out again, instead of merely reflecting it, as most substances do. Edison's

hypothesis was that there might be a chemical possessing great enough fluorescence to glow with light when acted upon by even the X ray; and then the ray, through the mediumship of this chemical, could be made to become perceptible to the eye, and the problem of looking through apparently opaque objects directly, instead of indirectly by means of photographic plates, would be solved.

The important thing was to find the proper substance. Hundreds of chemicals were experimented with without success; the task seemed to be getting hopeless when the potent substance was found. This is tungstate and lime, or tungstate of calcium, which is a chemical of great rarity. The crystals of this were glued to a sheet of paper by means of collodion, a transparent celluloid paint, and by holding this sheet where it would receive the X ray, the latter became visible. The only remaining thing to be done was to intensify this effect by arranging so that other light would be shut off in as great degree as possible from both the crystals and the eye. This was accomplished by pasting the sheet of paper holding the fluorescent tungstate of calcium over the larger end of a box shaped somewhat like a funnel. The small end was made so that no outside light would strike the eyes when they looked into the box.

The fluoroscope is none other than this very simple apparatus, and yet it promises to be one of the most important and valuable agencies ever devised for the advancement of the art of surgery. If the fluoroscope proves to be the success which from all appearances it very certainly will be, no more probing or exploration with the surgeon's knife, which is so often fatal to life, will be necessary. There will be no more imperfect bone-settings, and the success and safety of surgical operations in general will be greatly increased, the reason being that the surgeon will be able to see the interior parts upon which he is working. He need only to fasten the fluoroscope to his eyes to per-



General James W. Latta, John A. Glenn, General H. K. Boyer, General J. M. Schofield, Senator Quay, General Frank Reeder, General Amos H. Mylin, General S. M. Jackson, Mrs. Schofield. UNITED STATES SENATOR QUAY AND A PARTY OF GUESTS AT ST. LUCIE, FLORIDA. Copyrighted Photograph by O. Pierre Havens.

ceive the bones or a diseased condition within the body. It is necessary, of course, that the part to be examined be between the fluoroscope and the X rays from the Crookes tubes. The present arrangement at the Edison laboratory is to have the tubes which emit the rays in a box; the hand or arm whose bones are to be examined is laid on the thin board cover, and with the fluoroscope fastened to the eyes the desired results are obtained, the board offering no apparent resistance to the ray. A brilliant white light is seen, in the intensity of which flesh becomes a mere shadow, leaving the bones displayed with startling vividness.

A secondary part of the apparatus is an upright board about seven feet high, upon which is fastened a double-tubed vacuum-pump of mercury connected with the Crookes tube. The purpose of this is to create the vacuum in the tubes which is necessary to obtain the X ray. Electric wires also run into the box and tube, as the ray is one of the results of electricity passing through a vacuum. These tubes offer the chief obstacle to the complete success of the fluoroscope; they are very unreliable, and many which seem to be perfect fail to give satisfactory results, despite the fact that they are made in the laboratory by an expert glass-blower, and are prepared for the experiments with extreme care. For this reason progress of experimentation with the X ray is slow. Edison expects, however, to soon perfect a large fluoroscope by which the whole body can be examined at one time. By placing it at various distances from the tubes he hopes to be able to see not only the entire skeleton, but the vital organs as well. When the body is very near the tubes the light which they send out will be so strong as to penetrate the organs and show merely the skeleton. At a greater distance the light is weaker and fails to penetrate them. Thus they become visible.

J. HERBERT WELCH.



ONE OF LA LOIE FULLER'S GOWNS.—[SEE PAGE 245.]
Photograph by Dana.



MARSHALL P. WILDER ENTERTAINING THE INMATES OF THE HOME FOR INCURABLES, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 245.]



LA LOIE FULLER'S UNIQUE COLLECTION OF EYES AS EXPRESSING HUMAN EMOTIONS.



"OUR COURT BALL."



"'APPY 'AMPSTEAD."



"'APPY 'AMPSTEAD."



"OUR BAZAAR."

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER, IN HIS DELINEATIONS OF THE COSTERMONGER.—[SEE PAGE 248.]



"These misgivings tortured him all night, and arose with him in the winter's morning."

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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SYNOPSIS.

ADAM WEIR, Lord Hermiston, first the lord advocate and then the lord justice-clerk of the senators of the College of Justice at Edinburgh, has married Jean Rutherford, last heir of her line, upon whose estate at the Scottish village of Crossmichael he resides when court is not in session. He is noted for his severity, and has become famous for the "hanging face" with which he confronts criminals—while his wife is of a mildly religious type. Their son Archibald combines the qualities of the two, but has been brought up by his mother almost exclusively. She inspires him with her religious views, so that, unconsciously, he grows to resent his father's severity and roughness. The mother dies and he is left to continue his studies.

II.

FATHER AND SON.

Y lord justice-clerk was known to many; the man Adam Weir perhaps to none. He had nothing to explain or to conceal; he sufficed wholly and silently to himself; and that part of our nature which goes out (too often with false coin) to acquire glory or love seemed in him to be omitted. He did not try to be loved, he did not care to be; it is probable the very thought of it was a stranger to his mind. He was an admired lawyer, a highly unpopular judge; and he looked down upon those who were his inferiors in either distinction, who were lawyers of less grasp or judges not so much detested. In all the rest of his days and doings not one trace of vanity appeared; and he went on through life with a mechanical movement, as of the unconscious, that was almost august.

He saw little of his son. In the childish maladies with which the boy was troubled he would make daily inquiries and daily pay him a visit, entering the sick-room with a facetious and appalling countenance, letting off a few perfunctory jests, and going again swiftly, to the patient's relief. Once, a court holiday falling opportunely, my lord had his carriage and drove the child himself to Hermiston, the customary place of convalescence. It is conceivable he had been more than usually anxious, for that journey always remained in Archie's memory as a thing

apart, his father having related to him, from beginning to end and with much detail, three authentic murder cases. Archie went the usual round of other Edinburgh boys, the high school and the college; and Hermiston looked on, or rather looked away, with scarce an affectation of interest in his progress. Daily, indeed, upon a signal after dinner, he was brought in, given nuts and a glass of port, regarded sardonically, sarcastically questioned. "Well, sir, and what have you donned with your book to-day?" my lord might begin, and set him posers in law Latin. To a child just stumbling into Corderius, Papinian and Paul proved quite invincible. But papa had memory of no other. He was not harsh to the little scholar, having a vast fund of patience, learned upon the bench, and was at no pains whether to conceal or to express his disappointment. "Well, ye have a long jaunt before ye yet!" he might observe, yawning, and fall back on his own thoughts (as like as not) until the time came for separation, and my lord would take the decanter and the glass and be off to the back chamber looking on the Meadows, where he toiled on his cases till the hours were small. There was no "fuller man" on the bench. His memory was marvelous, though wholly legal; if he had to "advise" extempore, none did it better; yet there was none who more earnestly prepared. As he thus watched in the night, or sat at table and forgot the presence of his son, no doubt but he tasted deeply of recondite pleasures. To be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to have succeeded in life; and perhaps only in law and the higher mathematics may this devotion be maintained, suffice to itself without reaction, and find continual rewards without excitement. This atmosphere of his father's sterling industry was the best of Archie's education. Assuredly it did not attract him; assuredly it rather rebutted and depressed. Yet it was still present, unobserved like the ticking of a clock, an arid ideal, a tasteless stimulant in the boy's life.

But Hermiston was not all of one piece. He was, besides, a mighty toper; he could sit at wine until day dawned, and pass directly from the table to the bench with a steady hand and a clear head. Beyond the third bottle he showed the plebeian in a larger print; the low, gross accent, the low, foul mirth, grew broader and commoner; he became less formidable, and infinitely more disgusting. Now, the boy had inherited from Jean Rutherford a shivering delicacy, unequally mated with potential

violence. In the play-fields and among his own companions he repaid a coarse expression with a blow; at his father's table (when the time came for him to join these revels) he turned pale and sickened in silence. Of all the guests whom he there encountered, he had toleration for only one, David Keith Carnegie, Lord Glenalmond. Lord Glenalmond was tall and emaciated, with long features and long, delicate hands. He was often compared with the statue of Forbes of Culloden in the Parliament House; and his blue eye, at more than sixty, preserved some of the fire of youth. His exquisite disparity with any of his fellow-guests, his appearance as of an artist and an aristocrat stranded in rude company, riveted the boy's attention; and, as curiosity and interests are the things in the world that are the most immediately and certainly rewarded, Lord Glenalmond was attracted by the boy.

"And so this is your son, Hermiston?" he asked, laying his hand on Archie's shoulder. "He's getting a big lad."

"Hout!" said the gracious father, "just his mother over again—daurna say boo to a goose!"

But the stranger retained the boy, talked to him, drew him out, found in him a taste for letters, and a fine, ardent, modest, youthful soul; and encouraged him to be a visitor on Sunday evenings in his bare, cold, lonely dining-room, where he sat and read in the isolation of a bachelor grown old in refinement. The beautiful gentleness and grace of the old judge, and the delicacy of his person, thoughts, and language, spoke to Archie's heart in their own tongue. He conceived the ambition to be such another; and when the day came for him to choose a profession it was in emulation of Lord Glenalmond, not of Lord Hermiston, that he chose the Bar. Hermiston looked on at this friendship with some secret pride, but openly with the intolerance of scorn. He scarce lost an opportunity to put them down with a rough jape; and, to say truth, it was not difficult, for they were neither of them quick. He had a word of contempt for the whole crowd of poets, painters, fiddlers, and their admirers, the bastard race of amateurs, which was continually on his lips. "Signor Feeldle-erie!" he would say. "Oh, for Goad's sake, no more of the signor!"

"You and my father are great friends, are you not?" asked Archie once.

"There is no man that I more respect, Archie," replied Lord

Glenalmond. "He is two things of price. He is a great lawyer, and he is upright as the day."

"You and he are so different," said the boy, his eyes dwelling on those of his old friend, like a lover's on his mistress's.

"Indeed so," replied the judge; "very different. And so I fear are you and he. Yet I would like it ill if my young friend were to misjudge his father. He has all the Roman virtues; Cato and Brutus were such. I think a son's heart might well be proud of such an ancestry of one."

"And I would sooner he was a plaided herd," cried Archie, with sudden bitterness.

"And that is neither very wise nor, I believe, entirely true," returned Glenalmond.

With the infinitely delicate sense of youth, Archie avoided the subject from that hour. It was perhaps a pity. Had he but talked—talked freely—let himself gush out the words (the way youth loves to do and should), there might have been no tale to write upon the Weirs of Hermiston.

Besides the veteran, the boy was without confidant or friend. Serious and eager, he came through school and college, and moved among a crowd of the indifferent in the seclusion of his shyness. He grew up handsome, with an open, speaking countenance, with graceful, youthful ways; he was clever, he took prizes, he shone in the Speculative Society. It should seem he must become the centre of a crowd of friends; but something that was in part the delicacy of his mother, in part the austerity of his father, held him aloof from all. It is a fact, and a strange one, that among his contemporaries Hermiston's son was thought to be a chip of the old block. "You're a friend of Archie Weir's?" said one to Frank Innes; and Innes replied, with his usual flippancy and more than his usual insight: "I know Weir, but I never met Archie."

As time went on, the tough and rough old sinner felt himself drawn to the son of his loins and sole continuator of his new family with softness of sentiment that he could hardly credit and was wholly impotent to express. With a face, voice, and manner trained through forty years to terrify and repel, Rhadamanthus may be great, but he will scarce be engaging. It is a fact that he tried to propitiate Archie, but a fact that cannot be too lightly taken; the attempt was so inconspicuously made, the failure so stoically supported. Sympathy is not due to these steadfast iron natures. If he failed to gain his son's friendship, or even his son's toleration, on he went up the great bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed. There might have been more pleasure in his relations with Archie—so much he may have recognized at moments; but pleasure was a bi-produce of the singular chemistry of life, which only fools expected.

An idea of Archie's attitude, since we are all grown up and have forgotten the days of our youth, it is more difficult to convey. He made no attempt whatsoever to understand the man with whom he dined and breakfasted. Parsimony of pain, glut of pleasure, these are the two alternating ends of youth; and Archie was of the parsimonious. The wind blew cold out of a certain quarter—he turned his back upon it; stayed as little as was possible in his father's presence; and when there, averted his eyes as much as was decent from his father's face. The lamp shone for many hundred days upon these two at table—my lord ruddy, gloomy, and irreverent; Archie with a potential brightness that was always dimmed and veiled in that society; and there were not, perhaps, in Christendom two men more radically strangers. The father, with a grand simplicity, either spoke of what interested himself, or maintained an unaffected silence. The son turned in his head for some topic, that should be quite safe, that would spare him fresh evidences either of my lord's inherent grossness or of the innocence of his inhumanity, treading gingerly the ways of intercourse, like a lady gathering up her skirts in a by-path. If he made a mistake, and my lord began to abound in matter of offense, Archie drew himself up, his brow grew dark, his share of the talk expired; but my lord would faithfully and cheerfully continue to pour out the worst of himself before his silent and offended son.

"Well, it's a poor hert that never rejoices!" he would say, at the conclusion of such a nightmare interview. "But I must get to my plew-stilts." And he would seclude himself as usual in the back room, and Archie go forth into the night and the city, quivering with animosity and scorn.

III.

IN THE MATTER OF THE HANGING OF DUNCAN JOPP.

It chanced in the year 1813 that Archie strayed one day into the judiciary court. The macer made room for the son of the presiding judge. In the dock, the centre of men's eyes, there stood a whey-colored, misbegotten caitiff, Duncan Jopp, on trial for his life. His story,

as it was raked out before him in that public scene, was one of disgrace and vice and cowardice, the very nakedness of crime; and the creature heard and it seemed at times as though he understood—as if at times he forgot the horror of the place he stood in, and remembered the shame of what had brought him there. He kept his head bowed and his hands clutched upon the rail; his hair dropped in his eyes and at times he flung it back; and now he glanced about the audience in a sudden fellingness of terror, and now looked in the face of his judge and gulped. There was pinned about his throat a piece of dingy flannel; and this it was, perhaps, that turned the scale in Archie's mind between disgust and pity. The creature stood in a vanishing point: yet a little while, and he was still a man and had eyes and apprehension; yet a little longer, and with a last sordid piece of pageantry he would cease to be. And here, in the meantime, with a trait of human nature that caught at the beholders' breath, he was tending a sore throat.

Over against him my Lord Hermiston occupied the bench in the red robes of criminal jurisdiction, his face framed in the white wig. Honest all through, he did not affect the virtue of impartiality. This was no case for refinement; there was a man to be hanged, he would have said, and he was hanging him. Nor was it possible to see his lordship and acquit him of gusto in the task. It was plain he gloried in the exercise of his trained faculties, in the clear sight which pierced at once into the joint of fact, in the rude, unvarnished gibes with which he demolished every fragment of defense. He took his ease and jested, unbending in that solemn place with some of the freedom of the tavern; and the rag of man with the flannel round his neck was hunted gallowsward with jeers.

Duncan had a mistress scarce less forlorn and greatly older than himself, who came up, whimpering and courtesying, to add the weight of her betrayal. My lord gave her the oath in his most roaring voice and added an intolerant warning.

"Mind what ye say, now, Janet," said he. "I have an e'e upon ye; I'm ill to jest with."

Presently, after she was tremblingly embarked on her story, "And what made ye do this, ye auld runt?" the court interposed. "Do ye mean to tell me ye was the panel's mistress?"

"If ye please, ma lord," whined the female.

"Godsake! ye made a bonny couple," observed his lordship; and there was something so formidable and ferocious in his scorn that not even the galleries thought to laugh.

The summing up contained some jewels.

"These two peetible creatures seem to have made up thegither, it's not for us to explain why."—"The panel, who (whatever else he may be) appears to be equally ill set-out in mind and body."—"Neither the panel nor yet the old wife appears to have had so much common sense as even to tell a lie when it was necessary." And in the course of sentencing, my lord had this *obiter dictum*: "I have been the means, under God, of haanging a great number, but never just such a disjaskit rascal as yourself." The words were strong in themselves; the light and heat and detonation of their delivery, and the savage pleasure of the speaker in his task, made them tingle in the ears.

When all was over Archie came forth again into a changed world. Had there been the least redeeming greatness in the crime, any obscurity, any dubiety, perhaps he might have understood. But the culprit stood, with his sore throat, in the sweat of his mortal agony, without defense or excuse; a thing to cover up with blushes; a being so much sunk beneath the zones of sympathy that pity might seem harmless. And the judge had pursued him with a monstrous, relishing gayety, horrible to be conceived, a trait for nightmares. It is one thing to spear a tiger, another to crush a toad; there are aesthetics even of the slaughter-house; and the loathsomeness of Duncan Jopp enveloped and infected the image of his judge.

Archie passed by his friends in the High-street with incoherent words and gestures. He lay and moaned in the Hunter's Bog, and the heavens were dark above him and the grass of the field an offense. "This is my father," he said. "I draw my life from him; the flesh upon my bones is his, the bread I am fed with is the wages of these horrors." He recalled his mother, and ground his forehead in the earth. He thought of flight, and where was he to flee to? of other lives, but was there any life worth living in this den of savage and jeering animals?

The interval before the execution was like a violent dream. He met his father; he would not look at him, he could not speak to him. It seemed there was no living creature but must have been swift to recognize that imminent animosity; but the hide of the justice-clerk remained impenetrable. Had my lord been talkative the truce could never have subsisted; but he was in one of his humors of sour silence; and under the very guns of his broadside

Archie nursed the enthusiasm of rebellion. It seemed to him, from the top of his nineteen years' experience, as if he were marked at birth to be the perpetrator of some signal action to set back fallen Mercy, to overthrow the usurping devil that sat, horned and hoofed, on her throne.

On the named morning he was at the place of execution. He saw the fleeing rabble, the flinching wretch produced. He looked on for a while at a certain parody of devotion, which seemed to strip the wretch of his last claim to manhood. Then followed the brutal instant of extinction, and the paltry dangling of the remains like a broken jumping-jack. He had been prepared for something terrible, not for this tragic meanness. He stood a moment silent, and then—"I denounce this God-defying murder," he shouted; and his father, if he must have disclaimed the sentiment, might have owned the stentorian voice with which it was uttered.

Frank Innes dragged him from the spot. The two handsome lads followed the same course of study and recreation, and felt a certain mutual attraction, founded mainly on good looks. It had never gone deep; Frank was by nature a thin, jeering creature, not truly susceptible whether of feeling or inspiring friendship; and the relation between the pair was altogether on the outside, a thing of common knowledge and the pleasantries that spring from a common acquaintance. The more credit to Frank that he was appalled by Archie's outburst, and at least conceived the design of keeping him in sight and, if possible, in hand for the day. But Archie, who had just defied—was it God or Satan?—would not listen to the word of a college companion.

"I will not go with you," he said. "I do not desire your company, sir; I would be alone."

"Here, Weir, man, don't be absurd," said Innes, keeping a tight hold upon his sleeve. "I will not let you go until I know what you mean to do with yourself; it's no use brandishing that staff." For indeed at that moment Archie had made a sudden—perhaps a warlike—movement. "This has been the most insane affair; you know it has. You know very well that I'm playing the good Samaritan. All I wish is to keep you quiet."

"If quietness is what you wish, Mr. Innes," said Archie, "and you will promise to leave me entirely to myself, I will tell you so much, that I am going to walk in the country and admire the beauties of nature."

"Honor bright?" asked Frank.

"I am not in the habit of lying, Mr. Innes," retorted Archie. "I have the honor of wishing you good-day."

"You won't forget the Spec?" asked Innes.

"The Spec?" said Archie. "Oh, no; I won't forget the Spec."

And the one young man carried his tortured spirit forth of the city, and all the day long, by one road and another, in an endless pilgrimage of misery; while the other hastened smilingly to spread the news of Weir's access of insanity, and to drum up for that night a full attendance at the Speculative, where further eccentric developments might certainly be looked for. I doubt if Innes had the least belief in his prediction; I think it flowed rather from a wish to make the story as good and the scandal as great as possible; not from any ill-will to Archie—from the mere pleasure of beholding interested faces. But for all that, his words were prophetic. Archie did not forget the Spec; he put in an appearance there at the due time, and, before the evening was over, had dealt a memorable shock to his companions. It chanced he was the president of the night. At times he seemed to forget the business of the evening, but even in these periods he sat with a great air of energy and determination; his mind was made up—he was determined to fulfill the sphere of his offense. He signed to Innes to succeed him in the chair, stepped down from the platform, and took his place by the chimney-piece, the shine of many wax tapers from above illuminating his pale face, the glow of the great red fire relieving from behind his slim figure. He had to propose as an amendment to the next subject in the case book, "Whether capital punishment be consistent with God's will or man's policy?"

A breath of embarrassment, of something like alarm, passed round the room, so daring did these words appear upon the lips of Hermiston's only son. But the amendment was not seconded; the previous question was promptly moved and unanimously voted, and the momentary scandal smuggled by. Innes triumphed in the fulfillment of his prophecy. He and Archie were now become the heroes of the night; but whereas every one crowded about Innes, when the meeting broke up, but one of all his companions came to speak to Archie.

"Weir, man! That was an extraordinary raid of yours!" observed this courageous member, taking him confidentially by the arm as they went out.

"I don't think it a raid," said Archie, grimly.

"More like a war. I saw that poor brute hanged this morning, and my gorge rises at it yet."

"Hut-tut," returned his companion, and, dropping his arm like something hot, he sought the less tense society of others.

Archie found himself alone. The last of the faithful—or was it only the boldest of the curious?—had fled. He watched the black huddle of his fellow-students draw off down and up the street, in whispering or boisterous gangs. And the isolation of the moment weighed upon him like an omen and emblem of his destiny in life. Bred up in unbroken fear himself, among trembling servants, and in a house which at the least ruffle in the master's voice shuddered into silence, he saw himself on the brink of the red valley of war, and measured the danger and length of it with awe. He made a detour in the glimmer and shadow of the streets, came into the back-stable lane, and watched for a long while the light burn steady in the judge's room. The longer he gazed upon that illuminated window-blind, the more blank became the picture of the man who sat behind it, endlessly turning over sheets of process, pausing to sip a glass of port, or rising and passing heavily about his book-lined walls to verify some reference. He could not combine the brutal judge and the industrious, dispassionate student; the connecting link escaped him. From such a dual nature it was impossible he should predict behavior; and he asked himself if he had done well to plunge into a business of which the end could not be foreseen? and presently after, with a sickening decline of confidence, if he had done loyally to strike his father? For he had struck him—defied him twice over and before a crowd of witnesses—struck him a public buffet before crowds. Who had called him to judge his father in these precarious and high questions? The office was usurped. It might have become a stranger; in a son—there was no blinking at it—in a son it was disloyal. And now, between these two natures so antipathetic, so hateful to each other, there was depending an unpardonable affront; and the providence of God alone might foresee the manner in which it would be resented by Lord Hermiston.

These misgivings tortured him all night and arose with him in the winter's morning; they followed him from class to class, they made him shrinkingly sensitive to every shade of manner in his companions, they sounded in his ears through the current voice of the professor; and he brought them home with him at night unabated and indeed increased. The cause of this increase lay in a chance encounter with the celebrated Dr. Gregory. Archie stood looking vaguely in the lighted window of a book-shop, trying to nerve himself for the approaching ordeal. My lord and he had met and parted in the morning as they had now done for long, with scarcely the ordinary civilities of life; and it was plain to the son that nothing had yet reached the father's ears. Indeed, when he recalled the awful countenance of my lord a timid hope sprang up in him that perhaps there would be found no one bold enough to carry tales. If this were so, he asked himself, would he begin again?—and he found no answer. It was at this moment that a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said in his ear: "My dear Mr. Archie, you had better come and see me."

He started, turned round, and found himself face to face with Dr. Gregory. "And why should I come to see you?" he asked, with the defiance of the miserable.

"Because you are looking exceedingly ill," said the doctor, "and you very evidently want looking after, my young friend. Good folk are scarce, you know; and it is not every one that would be quite so much missed as yourself. It is not every one that Hermiston would miss."

And with a nod and a smile the doctor passed on.

A moment after, Archie was in pursuit, and had in turn, but more roughly, seized him by the arm.

"What do you mean? What did you mean by saying that? What makes you think that Hermis—my father would have missed me?"

The doctor turned about and looked him all over with a clinical eye. A far more stupid man than Dr. Gregory might have guessed the truth; but ninety-nine out of a hundred, even if they had been equally inclined to kindness, would have blundered by some touch of charitable exaggeration. The doctor was better inspired. He knew the father well; in that white face of intelligence and suffering he divined something of the son; and he told, without apology or adornment, the plain truth.

"When you had the measles, Mr. Archibald, you had them gay and ill; and I thought you were going to slip between my fingers," he said. "Well, your father was anxious. How did I know it? says you. Simply because I am a trained observer. The sign that I saw him make, ten thousand would have missed; and perhaps—perhaps, I say, because he's a hard man to judge of—but perhaps he never made another. A strange thing to consider! It was

this. One day I came to him: 'Hermiston,' said I, 'there's a change.' He never said a word; just glowered at me (if ye'll pardon the phrase) like a wild beast. 'A change for the better,' said I. And I distinctly heard him take his breath."

The anecdote might be called infinitely little, and yet its meaning for Archie was immense. "I did not know the old man had so much blood in him." He had never dreamed this sire of his, this aboriginal antique, this adamant Adam, had even so much of a heart as to be moved in the least degree for another—and that other himself, who had insulted him! With the generosity of youth Archie was instantly under arms upon the other side; had instantly created a new image of Lord Hermiston—that of a man who was all iron without and all sensibility within. The mind of the vile jester, the tongue that had pursued Duncan Jopp with unmanly insults, the unbeloved countenance that he had known and feared for so long, were all forgotten, and he hastened home, impatient to confess his misdeeds, impatient to throw himself on the mercy of this imaginary character.

(To be continued.)

The Permanence of Women's Clubs.

A MEMBER of a large and fashionable metropolitan woman's club was heard to remark, not long ago, with an accent of relief, that "the woman's club fad was, she believed, passing away."

One thoughtful woman, a member of several literary clubs, when asked her opinion on the subject, said that anything undertaken by fashionable women was pretty sure to be short-lived.

"Then you do not think the literary-club movement at large likely to decline?"

"No. The great majority of the women interested in literary clubs are earnest and very busy ones. The younger ones among them are often college graduates, whose tastes crave something more intellectual in their social cup than the flat talk of the ordinary 'tea.' Their society engagements are cut down to the very lowest point. They have more important work in the world than sitting around in luxurious parlors, exchanging insipid trivialities, as they flit from one reception to another; and insipid trivialities are all that can be exchanged in the haste and crowds of the prevailing forms of social entertainment. The truly earnest woman begrudges the expense of vital force which goes to even an approximately 'fashionable' life. The season once over, what is there to show for it? Usually a few crushed gowns and hats—and absolute vacancy of recollection. Even the most unsatisfactory of woman's clubs would have left a larger and more useful fund of memories after an equal expense of time."

The woman's literary club in a large city has been called "a clearing-house for calls." It has always a worthy theme for thought, so that the most inconsequent member, whose mind dwells naturally on no higher matters than button-holes, is obliged, for a few moments at least, to think of some great master of literature or art, or to contemplate some phase of intellectual activity. The experience must inevitably elevate and stimulate her, and make her fitter to build up right ideals in her home.

The literary club is not so obviously useful as the aggressive organ of reform or philanthropy which the "altruistic" club is universally acknowledged to be, but as a semi-social recreation for the young college graduate in the traces of domestic or professional work; as a means of culture for the half-educated older women whose life was begun too soon for Vas-sar or Wellesley; as a constant stimulus to any women who thirst for interchange of thought with others who are grappling with problems similar to their own; and as a means of democratic reduction to a minimum of class distinctions, the literary club is filling an important place. In many small towns and cities it is one of the most firmly established of the local institutions, and its consequences can be traced in a distinctly higher social and intellectual tone throughout the entire population of the place.

As for the clubs which aim at extreme social exclusiveness, and which are based quite as much on social as on intellectual and moral qualifications, they are probably destined to very brief careers. Nothing whose chief element may be denoted as "style," in the sense of "fashion," can long endure. The very essence of that quality is change. The whim of the fashionable woman is her guide and law. Her first canon is that she must not be bored. Sensations must be fresh or else she cannot endure them.

The publicity given to some clubs has attracted to them ambitious women, anxious to see their names in print. When it has been found, as it often has been, that reporters abuse their

privileges, poke fun at the club idols, and misrepresent the proceedings, then a by-law relegates the programme to privacy again, and that club languishes until the notoriety-seekers are cast out of it. The fashionable literary club which has no titillations of publicity for its members; which necessitates thought and study on unaccustomed topics; which may possibly bring certain holier-than-thou into contact with women who may be intellectual, but who keep only one servant, and whose forefingers show the mark of the needle—it can readily be seen that such a club can have hardly enough of the divine fire to keep it long alive. No greater social leveler has ever touched our women than the literary club.

The woman's literary club in the country at large seems, from all the accounts, to be flourishing and likely to continue. The future of the woman's fashionable literary club in our cities is more uncertain—but it is of infinitely less consequence. KATE UPSON CLARK.

The Battle-ship "Iowa."

WITH the launch of the battle-ship *Iowa* the new navy receives a very important and formidable acquisition. The *Iowa* is an improvement on the *Indiana*, which is regarded as the finest fighting-machine of her class now afloat. Her tonnage is 11,250, against the 10,298 tons of the *Indiana*; her horse-power is two thousand greater than the *Indiana's*, and her armament is more effective. She is, in point of fact, a floating fort. She is three hundred and fifty feet long, seventy-two feet two inches wide, and when at sea will draw about twenty-five feet of water.

La Loie Fuller's Gowns.

MISS LOIE FULLER is one of the quietest but firmest advocates of what, for want of a better name, we must call "reform dressing." With the keen wit and originality which mark everything she does, first adopting the most simple and healthful form of dressing possible, which varies not from year to year, she ingeniously modifies and adapts the styles of the season to her own use; and the results are so lovely and unique that every woman who sees them feels in her "heart of hearts" that she would be glad to become an humble imitator.

As a rule, all of Loie Fuller's gowns, both for the stage and home, are cut in the Empire style. Besides her shoes and stockings, Miss Fuller handles but three garments in making her toilet. She dons a Union or combination suit of wool or silk, and knickerbockers of flannel or silk, according to the season and temperature; then over her head is thrown her Empire gown, all in one piece, a few hooks are fastened in the back, and, presto! my lady is gowned and ready for the day's events.

These Empire gowns have the simplest possible little plain, short, round waists, extending over a few inches below the arm-holes, and the very full skirts, cut in umbrella-like gores, are sewed to the waist. The gores are very tapering at the top, something in princess style, and define the waist a little, flaring widely at the bottom in the fashion of a cart-wheel. From the daintily simple little blue alpaca, lined with blue-and-white checked taffeta, which is Loie Fuller's pet gown at present, to her most sumptuous evening-gown, all are cut the same.

Looking at her as she folds of her voluminous skirt fall gracefully around her in quaint, old-time fashion, there is such an enchanting harmony between herself and her gowns, that you feel involuntarily that her genius clothes her to the hem of her skirt and is expressed in every line. It is impossible to think of her as gowned in the manner of other women—yet it is a simple thing to fancy other women gowned like her, and she is sure to have many imitators.

Probably no woman has posed more frequently before the camera than "La Loie," and it follows, as the day the night, that she has original ideas upon the subject. She has a unique collection of mouths and eyes—taken by a Glasgow artist who makes a specialty of the work—which expresses every human emotion from despair, through grief, joy, and hate, to tragic courage. The precepts and maxims of the French artist Chéret, whose poster of "La Loie" for "Les Folies-Bergère" has become famous, are the key to some of her most effective photographs. There are no "prunes, prisms, and precision" about the system, Chéret's whole theory being based upon natural expression and suggestion of movement in every line of the figure from toe to crown of head.

It would be hard to exceed the simplicity of Miss Fuller's daily life and habits; she drinks no wine, and never indulges in late suppers after the theatre. Her great Paris success, "Salomé," is to be given in London during the coming season; and after her engagements in Paris next autumn she goes to Cairo and St. Petersburg. E. A. FLETCHER.

The Mount Lowe Railway.

THE steepest railway in the world ascends the Sierra Madre Mountains in southern California, about fifteen miles, as the crow flies, from Los Angeles, and thirty miles from the sea. It is named in honor of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, its projector and a leading stockholder. Professor Lowe is a native of New Hampshire whose feats as an aeronaut during the Civil War brought him into prominence. He did important reconnoitring work for the government, and Don Pedro afterward secured his services for Brazil in a time of insurrection. He is further known as the inventor of a water-gas process for illuminating and heating, and an ice-making machine which is widely used.

The railway starts from Altadena and extends two and a half miles into the heart of the mountains, following the curves of Rubio cañon. The grade averages seven and a half per cent., and ordinary trolley-cars are operated by gas engines which drive an Edison generator of sufficient power to furnish a current for the trolley road; also for the Keith motor which propels the mechanism of the next division of the railway. Water power can also be utilized.

At an altitude of 2,200 feet, the great "Incline" up Echo Mountain is ascended by means of an endless cable over a track 3,000 feet long. The rise of 1,300 feet is made in a "white chariot" which meets a descending car midway at an automatic turn-out. The average grade of the incline is fifty-nine per cent., in one place it is sixty-two and a half per cent. The effect on passengers is almost like going up in a balloon, and many persons are timorous; but the great cog-wheel above is imbedded in solid granite and there is little likelihood of an accident.

There is a fine hotel on the summit of Echo Mountain, and from the height of 3,500 feet an indescribably beautiful view is obtained, comprising the romantic San Gabriel valley, many towns, mountain spurs, and the wide stretch of fertile country intervening between the Sierra Madres and the sea. On the horizon glimmers the broad Pacific, and thirty miles from its shore rise the bold outlines of Catalina Island.

The third, or Alpine, division of the road climbs up among the pines nearly to the summit of Mount Lowe—6,000 feet. Though it doubles and twists around rocky promontories and crosses twenty-three bridges, one of which is circular, the grade is not much more than that of the first division, and trolley-cars are used. Every turn in the road reveals a grand picture. High up in a shaded nook the Alpine Club, an organization of the most noted men and women in southern California, has established its headquarters and constructed a stone tavern of "ye olden style." Great sport was enjoyed after the big storm early in March, when the whole range was thickly covered with snow. Fancy the transition from verdant valleys and rose-blooming gardens to scenes as wintry as those of any Eastern State, all in one hour's time!

The trip is always a popular one, and the hotel register shows names from every part of the universe. The largest search-light in the world, brought here from Chicago, is nightly operated on Echo Mountain, heliographing is practiced by day, and the eminent astronomer, Professor Lewis Swift, welcomes visitors to the observatory where he operates a large telescope presented to him by the citizens of Buffalo, New York, and incidentally discovers comets.

The men who mastered the numerous engineering difficulties of the road, Messrs. Macpherson and Carson, should share in the credit of the enterprise. Two sons of the famous John Brown lived for years in these mountains, and one of them—Jason—assisted in the construction of the railway. The other lies buried on the rugged slopes he loved so well.

CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

A California Ice-Palace.

CALIFORNIA, apparently, is not satisfied with the reputation she has achieved on account of her flower shows, her fêtes of roses, and her nights in Venice; she now aspires to rival Canada and Eastern States in the matter of winter festivals. Accordingly, there has been erected in the little mountain village of Truckee, on the line of the Central Pacific Railway, almost at the summit of the Sierra Nevadas, an ice-palace of unique design and proportions. In other places ice-palaces are usually built of blocks of ice at a considerable cost, and frequently prove unsafe. The plan of the Truckee palace is entirely original. A stanch framework of pine scantlings was built in the form of an oval, having a length of two hundred and fifty feet, a width of ninety feet, and a height of forty feet. This was covered inside and out with wire netting, such as is used for fencing purposes, and around the top a hedge of pine-trees of uniform size was fixed. Openings were left in the walls for windows, and at one end of the big oval a tower ninety feet high was erected. Over this

structure a fine spray from sixty sets of hose was played lightly, which, freezing as it fell, incased the walls in a mass of solid ice, varying in thickness from four feet to a lace-like film. The palace, which has a toboggan-slide among its other features, thus erected has been used for carnival purposes, and has attracted large bodies of excursionists from all the country round. The experiment has proved so successful that it has been decided to hold an ice carnival every winter, lasting from the first of January to the first of May. The suggestion and plans out of which this enterprise grew were due to Mr. Charles F. McGlashan, an enterprising citizen of the town.

People Talked About.

—ROBERT BARR is another American author who has found it essential to success to go to England and establish himself. As the "Luke Sharp" of the *Detroit Free Press* he was a prolific writer of short stories, but as far as fame went only one of a score of such writers for the press. Ten years' residence in London and entrance into the literary set of which Bret Harte is not the least figure has resulted in the sending of his wares to this side of the ocean stamped with the high approval of English authorities. Mr. Barr is of Scotch parentage and about forty-five years old. He is of medium height and rather thick-set, with a square head, chin-whiskers, and exuberant mustache. He is still a contributor to his *Detroit* newspaper.

—There are doubtless many readers of "Uncle Remus" who are firmly convinced that Joel Chandler Harris was either born in Africa or is now there, for Eugene Field put many such fanciful stories of his old friend in circulation and they had far wider currency than the prosaic facts. But a glance at Mr. Harris's red face and sandy hair instantly disproves the first report, and the second vanishes before the knowledge that his interest in negro folk-lore is purely literary. In personal appearance Mr. Harris is round and fat and short. It would be difficult to find a busier man in literature, for his days are given to the *Atlanta Constitution*, to the staff of which he has long been attached, his nights to authorship of a more lasting kind, and his mornings to his garden.

—Probably Secretary Olney would have wished no better tribute than was conveyed in Senator Hoar's remark that he is "an honest Yankee." His ancestry runs back to the Pilgrim Fathers, and he has the traits that most excite admiration in New England—temperance, a clear head, and unremitting industry. Few Cabinet officers accomplish so much work in so regular a way, and none devotes more time to out-door exercise. When Mr. Olney took up his residence in Washington his devotion to lawn-tennis was the subject of much unflattering newspaper comment, but his attention to the game is only a part of his scheme of physical exercise which makes him as sound and as young physically now as he was twenty years ago.

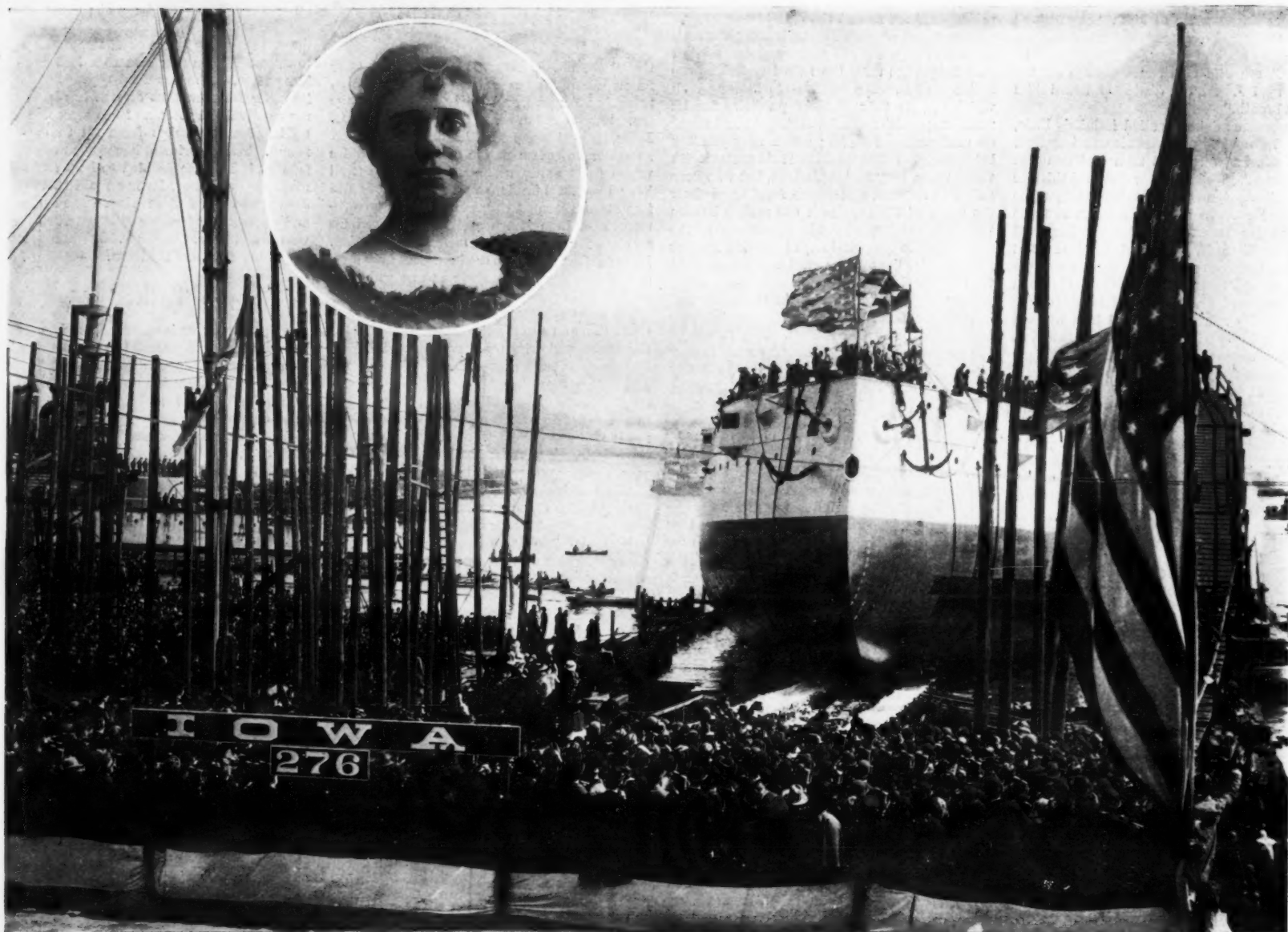
—A number of social functions in this city during the present season have been enriched by the artistic performances of Miss Ethel Inman, a young and brilliant pianist. Miss Inman began to show her unusual musical talent at the age of seven years, and at sixteen played the most difficult compositions of Liszt and Chopin. Her musical education was acquired



MISS ETHEL INMAN.
Photograph by Falk.

in Europe, and her finished methods justify the belief that she will achieve a brilliant career. Miss Inman is the youngest daughter of the late William Inman, founder of the Inman line of ocean steamers. She will be heard in concert at Carnegie Hall on April 17th, with Georgia Powers Carhart, the rapidly rising mezzo-soprano artist. Undoubtedly the verdict of the public as to her proficiency will be equally as favorable as that of her more intimate friends.

MISS MARY LORD DRAKE, WHO CHRISTENED THE SHIP



LAUNCHING OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA," AT CRAMPS' SHIP-YARD, PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 28TH.
COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH, 1896, BY W. H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 245.]



THE WONDERS OF THE X RAY.

EDISON DEVISES AN INSTRUMENT BY WHICH HE CAN LOOK WITH THE NAKED EYE RIGHT THROUGH THE FLESH OF THE HUMAN BODY.
DRAWN BY E. J. MEKKER.—[SEE PAGE 241.]



MAKING THE WELSH RAREBIT.

THE LUXURY OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THERE is an irresistible fascination in traveling in one's own conveyance, according to one's own schedule of time, and one's own sweet pleasure and convenience. He who has made a journey on horseback or in an ordinary conveyance realizes the solid comfort he has enjoyed, but when one has sped away in his private car across the country, accompanied always, as a matter of course, by congenial friends, he comes to an understanding of the real luxury of travel.



MELVILLE E. INGALLS,
President Cleveland, Cincinnati,
Chicago and St. Louis Railway.

From New York to New Orleans the railway journey involves a trip of something like fourteen hundred miles, and is easily made in forty hours, or less than two days. We had the pleasure of making the jaunt by the Pennsylvania, the Louisville and Nashville and the Southern railroads, returning by the same route, excepting that the entrance to, and trip through, New York State on our return was effected over the Big Four and New York Central railroads.

Leaving New York City at 4:30 P. M. on Saturday, February 15th, on the eve of the severest cold wave of the season, it was not surprising that the temperature in the "Sunny South" should have been somewhat lower than we had anticipated. We reached New Orleans, by way of Baltimore, Washington, Lynchburg, Salisbury, Atlanta, and Mobile, at 7:30 Monday morning, and found the temperature a little above freezing, while advices from home reported the thermometer in New York State at from twenty to twenty-five degrees below zero.

Mardi Gras in New Orleans is a season of unrestrained but not unlicensed pleasure. The queer but attractive old city, both in the French and in the American quarters, is gay with bunting, in which the American flag holds, as it always should, the chief place. The features of the Mardi Gras have been described very fully in the press from year to year, but every one who attends the celebration, continuing over two days and nights, must be impressed by the general good order, the absence of drunkenness, violence and viciousness. Every one enters into the spirit of the occasion—the Queen and Rex and all the brilliant retinue of ladies and gentlemen who support them—but none with greater zest than the children and the masses of the mixed population, including French, creoles, and blacks.

If New Orleans were a cleaner city it would be far more inviting; but it never will be, or can be, clean until its streets are properly paved with asphalt, brick, or small granite blocks in preference to the heavy rocks, a foot square, which unevenly cover the driveways, and until an underground system of sewers has been completed throughout the city. Steps are being taken to remedy these two evils, and when they have been remedied, so that New Orleans has well-paved streets and sewers under ground and out of sight, with filtered water for domestic use instead of the turgid, chocolate-colored water, it will be the most attractive winter city in the United States, and one of the most attractive throughout the year.

The French market, the old cathedral, the levees, the French quarter, the cosmopolitan restaurants, the shell roads, the race-track, and the lively clubs, all add to the attractions of New Orleans, while the Mardi Gras is the crowning factor of its gayest life. No one in New Orleans considers it a misdemeanor for young girls to appear on the streets, during the height of the Mardi Gras festivities, in bloomer costumes of the most pronounced type. Every one

is masked, and whether he or she be black or white, Creole or American, is a question left unsolved so far as the spectator is concerned. This feature of the Mardi Gras is not so startling as it was in other days, for the reform wave has reached the Gulf, and a very strong, coherent, and powerful local organization is being perfected which, in time, is bound to do for New Orleans what similar organizations have done for Brooklyn, New York, Buffalo, and Albany.

The stranger in the city who may think it lacks the highest type of social culture should be favored, as we were, with the courtesies of the famous Boston Club during the Mardi Gras season, while it is open to the ladies, not only to the Queen of the Mardi Gras, but also to all her retinue of friends and followers. Then and there, within the walls of this stately structure, one mingles with a circle of ladies and gentlemen that would adorn any community, including professional gentlemen of eminent success; business men whose futures are linked with the prosperity of New Orleans, and whose patriotic attachment to that city is touching in its tenderness; and beautiful ladies, highly gifted, cultured, and distinguished for their charms of face and figure. The club, during this halcyon period of the Mardi Gras, dispenses hospitality with a freedom and generosity calculated to make New-Yorkers envious of the Queen City. Many courtesies were offered us by Colonel A. W. Crandall, of the Boston Club; Major Davis, of the *Picayune*, and Colonel Mayo, of the *Times-Democrat*, as well as by Mr. Baynes, of the Municipal Reform League Association; and we shared the same hospitality that every other stranger received at the Boston Club.

He who makes the journey to New Orleans can profit by stopping on the way at some of the various centres of wealth and influence—Birmingham in Alabama, which to the visitor looks like a second Pittsburg, and which in time may become the first Pittsburg; Mobile, a city distinctly of a Southern type, beautiful, but no longer desolate; Nashville, engrossed in preparation for her magnificent exposition in 1897; and Louisville, with her pride of men and beauty of women. A detour from Nashville takes the visitor to that wonder of wonders, the Mammoth Cave, which no American can afford to pass. If, like myself, the visitor to Nashville is a lover of the best that horses breed, let him not fail to drive out over the beautiful road and through the fine country from Nashville a few miles to General Jackson's celebrated manor in the midst of five thousand, three hundred acres of deer park, lawn, and pasture, which make up the famous and unsurpassed Belle Meade stock-farm. The glow of pride and expression of pleasure with which the general welcomes the visitors who come to inspect his treasures in horse-flesh mark the hospitality that the Southern gentleman is always ready to extend to the stranger, whether from the North or the South.

My last journey to New Orleans preceding the one regarding which I write was taken more than twelve years ago, at the time of the New Orleans exposition. A marked improvement in all the Southern cities through which we passed has occurred during the interval. New Orleans looks more solid and progressive; the country through which the railroads run seems to be under a higher degree of cultivation; and last, and best of all, the railroads, and especially the Southern and the Louisville and Nashville, have undergone a remarkable transformation. No better railroads can be found in the country. The rolling stock is new, the roads are well ballasted, the bridges have been reconstructed in the most substantial manner, and the train service rivals that of the best railroads in the East. These properties both have still greater possibilities, and the rapidly improving condition of business in the South must shortly add enormously to their earnings.

The Wagner car "Riva," with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel, was our home, and brought us safely over the journey from Cincinnati on to Cleveland by the Lake Shore, and thence from Buffalo by the New York Central, so that within seven days we had visited fifteen Southern and Western States, including some of the greatest commonwealths in the Union, and journeyed fully three thousand miles, living in the car without the slightest discomfort, and finding at every stopping-place a new centre of observation, and throughout the journey new sources of information and delight.

Especially will the business man, the financier and investor take pleasure in observing the development of the greatest railway systems of our country. It is a tribute to the engineering skill of the American people that they can boast of such superb railways as the Lake Shore, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Louisville and Nashville, and the Southern. The men of mark who are actively at the head of these corporations are entitled to the reputation they have won for rare business ability and the highest talent in their field of labor.

To the tired business man, let me recommend a week's outing in a private car, well stocked, of course, and scheduled for the Mardi Gras or any other notable celebration. From such a journey one comes back strengthened in body, freshened in mind, inspired in patriotism, and more in love with his country than he has been before.

W. J. A.

Albert Chevalier Interviewed.

"I WAS so frightened the first night that I had my manager stand at the prompt entrance with the words of every song, and I have sung them thousands of times."

The speaker was Albert Chevalier, the consummate delineator of the costermonger; the place, his apartments at the Normandie; the time, a few evenings after his American debut. Mr. Chevalier went on to say that he was very, very grateful to the people of New York for the way in which they had opened their arms to a stranger. It is characteristic of the man, that with a long list of successes back of him, he should still feel that he might fail to please us.

Be it known that Mr. Chevalier's fad is fishing. I hadn't been in the room ten minutes before he brought out a four-ounce fly-rod and asked me to look at it, and, could I guide him to some happy fishing-ground hereabouts; was I, too, fond of the sport, and would I go out with him some cloudy morning?

When I gave him an inclusive "Yes," Mr. Chevalier's jolly face fairly beamed. "It is getting on towards ten," he said, "and I go on at half-past, you know. Come down to the hall, brother angler, and I'll answer your questions there." So down we went, and on the way he told me a good story of a "lightning-change artist" whom he once heard gravely announce from the stage of a London music-hall, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now give you an imitation of the celebrated actor, David Garrick!"

I had a pleasant quarter of an hour while "the only" Chevalier's dresser rapidly got him into his costermonger's togs. A pile of telegrams lay on the dressing-shelf, and as we chatted Mr. Chevalier opened and read them aloud. Some were from personal friends, others from actors and managers of note; but the burden of all was the same—heartiest congratulations on his success, and best wishes for the future.

"Let us talk about the coster," I began. "When did you commence to study him and his ways?"

"I never studied the coster. I simply absorbed him from the time my feet first pressed the pavements of London. The picturesque in his dress drew my eye, and his humor struck me as the typical English humor."

"Speaking of the coster's dress, you must have something of interest to say about that."

"My idea is that it is a survival of the 'square-cut'—the Georgian period. If I were to wear knee-breeches instead of the flaring trousers I do, and take the buttons off the coat and waistcoat of the 'Old Kent Road' dress, for instance, I might go on for *Jonathan Wild* at a pinch."

"Among all your songs, which is your favorite?"

"My 'Old Dutch.' I feel this so thoroughly that sometimes it brings the tears."

"Have you taken the coster into London drawing-rooms?"

"Very rarely. The Princess Louise, the Rothschilds, and others have made me offers to do this, but I have pretty steadily refused. My reasons? Well, in the first place, I am excessively nervous, and I should be afraid of making a poor impression in a drawing-room. My make-up is bizarre, to say the least, and really, I don't believe I could produce the same effects that I do on a stage. However, I have often appeared in London with my own concert com-

pany in halls like your Chickering Hall. Our audiences were the class of people the German Reeds used to attract."

"It has been reported that you mean to go back to drama; is Rumor, in this case, correct?"

"My plans are very unsettled. You may say to the readers of *LESLIE'S*, that I do hope to get back to my first love ultimately. I have had many flattering offers. When George Alexander produced 'Liberty Hall' I had the refusal of the comedy part."

"Is your gift inherited?"

"Not unless preaching and acting lie closer together than most of us believe. Nearly all my people are in the church. By the way, I do a sketch called 'Our Bazaar' in which I impersonate a smug young curate; it has proved mighty popular, too."

"Shall you study local types while in New York?"

"You may depend upon it, my boy, I am going to see all there is to be seen, and later on I may have the hardihood to give you the result of my observations. Yes, I saw 'Chimmie



"THE NIPPER'S LULLABY."

Fadden,' and I have been singing the praises of Marie Bates ever since. If what I saw her do is a fair sample of her work, then she is the most remarkable character actress I have ever seen. She manages to make a drunken woman not only inoffensive but positively attractive, and any one who can do that certainly is an artist. Her sense of humor is deep and keen—an unusual thing in a woman."

"Is the coster of Romany origin?"

"Beyond a doubt. You will find a lot of Spanish and Italian in the dialect. This, I have no doubt, is largely the result of the proximity of his haunts to the London docks."

"Do you present the coster as he is, or have you idealized him?"

"Idealized him? Not at all. He is human. He has his tender moments and times when he rises above the commonplace. These I have remarked and seized upon. I give you his life with the dull part left out, that's all. Why, even in my comic songs I don't burlesque him. The business of 'Our Court Ball' was taken from actual observation. *I was at that ball.*"

Now the make-up was complete, and the bashful gallant of "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins" stood before me. A sharp rap at the door and, "Only five minutes, Mr. Chevalier!"

My "subject" twisted his red kerchief a little more tightly around his throat, and pulled his queer little cap down over his eyes. "Any more questions? No? Trouble! Oh, not in the least. I mustn't keep them waiting. Good-bye, and I say, old man, don't forget about that fishing."

ROBERT STODART.

Where Are Yours, Columbia?

COLUMBIA, proud matron, housed and warm,
With freedom, pleasures, riches at command,
Have you forgotten how the tyrant-hand
Once clutched your throat and bruised your fragile form?

Have you forgotten that fierce fight for truth
You waged against the wrong, through all your
anguished youth?

Say, you remember! Yet with folded arms
You lie in cushioned ease and idly see
Your fair young sister striving to be free,
While round about her rage wild war's alarms,
Her dark eyes awful with the desperate pain
Which in your own once burned when England
forged your chain.

Where are your sons, Columbia? On each side
And everywhere we hear and we behold
Your daughters, daughters, daughters. But of old
Sons were a mother's greatest strength and pride.
Where are they, that they go not forth to bleed
For Cuba, in this hour of her appalling need?

Long has she borne the tyranny of Spain;
Long fed on crusts, and let the hand of might
Despoil her of the wealth that was her right.
In blood-stained robes she stands above her slain,
A beautiful, pale woman, torn with grief.
Columbia, rouse your sons and fly to her relief!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



SAMUEL SPENCER,
President of the Southern Rail-
way Company.



H. WALTER WEBB,
Third Vice-president, New York
Central.

ers under ground and out of sight, with filtered water for domestic use instead of the turgid, chocolate-colored water, it will be the most attractive winter city in the United States, and one of the most attractive throughout the year.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

The Olympic Games.

FROM an international standpoint the revival of Olympian games at Athens will undoubtedly prove a dismal failure. From this country only eight men will compete, and of this number but one (Burke) is an American champion. England has sent few, if any, of her sons whose reputations are famous for star performances; while in Germany, if news reports are to be relied upon, the games have not created any interest whatsoever.

It is fair to presume, then, that in proportion to the absences of the majority of the world's amateur champions, the chances of victory going to second- and third-raters are greatly enhanced.

Thus, though eight Americans only will compete, and one only, Burke, is our star man at the quarter-mile, the writer would not be surprised to learn later on that several laurel wreaths had become their portion.

Francis Lane, of the class of 1897, Princeton, will run in the hundred-kilometer race, and as he is reputed to have done ten seconds for the one hundred he may win a place. Lane has always been credited with a tremendous burst of speed for seventy-five yards or so, after which he dies fast. As one hundred kilometers reduced to yards means nearly ten short of the hundred, Lane's chances may be correspondingly increased.

Robert Garrett, Jr., a classmate of Lane's, H. B. Jamison, and A. C. Tyler make up the remainder of the team sent out by Princeton.

Garrett is a broad-jumper and a shot-putter. In the former event he is equal to twenty-one feet, which distance should be good for a second or a third prize. Thirty-nine to forty feet for the shot may also be good for place, but with insufficient training and a break in the daily routine of work due to a protracted sea voyage, it is a question if Garrett will be able to do himself justice.

The same holds good of the other men, though the Princeton men are apt to suffer more in this respect than the Boston Athletic Association men, who comprise the balance of four of the American team.

While the Princeton men are very young and inexperienced, the club athletes are more matured and hardened in the practice of their specialties. What is more, in John Graham, rainer, they have one who is likely to see that fewer mistakes are committed in dieting and training.

Next to Burke, of the Boston representatives, Ellery Clarke is perhaps best known. He is a Harvard senior, and as an all-round man is thought highly of at Cambridge.

Clarke's general ability may be judged from the following record performances: Broad jump, twenty-two feet; high jump, five feet, eight inches; sixteen-pound hammer, one hundred and twenty-three feet; sixteen-pound shot, thirty-eight feet.

J. P. Curtis, Boston, is another good all-round man, while Tyler, of Princeton, so his friends say, may be counted upon to vault with pole ten feet every day in the week, and eleven feet on Saturdays. Arthur Blake, another Boston athlete, as a mile-runner may safely be placed in the 4:32 class, and Jamison, of Princeton, is credited as a 22-1-5 man in the two hundred and twenty, and a 51-second man in the four hundred and forty.

That Burke (in condition, of course) will uphold the reputation of America no one doubts. Outside of Burke, however, it will be noted from the above that his seven companions are by no means record-breakers. The writer believes, however, that one and all will make a creditable showing, and perhaps bring back several prizes.

The Princeton men will return directly after the games, arriving here about May 1st, or some two weeks before the Yale-Princeton track and field games. Two weeks, though, is little time, indeed, for the travelers to get into form, and as they comprise the backbone almost of the Princeton team, the chances of the orange-and-black defeating Yale are very slim. In fact, Princeton will have to do her best to make what the boys call a good showing.

BASE-BALL AFFAIRS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Out of some seventy-five men who presented themselves as candidates for the University of Pennsylvania base-ball team, twenty-eight have been retained, and of these twenty-eight seventeen are graduates of preparatory schools in and about Philadelphia.

This latter fact is the subject of much favorable comment by the Quakers, who believe that such a large representation shows conclusively

that the interacademic and interscholastic athletic associations are fast becoming to their college what the schools in Massachusetts are to Harvard and in Connecticut to Yale.

Notwithstanding the action of the faculty committee in barring all but two of last year's base-ball men, Captain Blakeley, one of the exempt, believes that with the proper backing he will be able to turn out a fast team and one which will do honor to his college. The list from which the nine will shortly be chosen is this: Pitchers—Fahy, Cantlin, Wunder, and Darte; catchers—Middleton, Hodge, Montague, Hoffer, and Conklin; first-basemen—Ruegenberg, Patterson, and Jackson; second and third base and short-stop—Robinson, Huston, Wilhelm, Pomeroy, Kennedy, and Blakeley; out-fielders—Gorman, Tracy, Lucas, Pomeroy, Grey, McWilliams, Voigt, and Holloway.

THE PRINCETON BASE-BALL TEAM.

The Princeton team this year promises to take a lot of beating before giving up a game. The players are all good batters, and at the top of the list some of the best wielders of the stick in the college world may be found. Besides, they are a good fielding team, and in Wilson, Jayne, and Easton Captain Bradley has three old and reliable men.

Following is probably the strongest combination to be had from the large list of candidates in training: Ward, short-stop; Altman, pitcher; Kelly, first-base; Bradley, centre-field; Wayne, second-base; Gunster, third-base; Titus, catcher; Sutter, left-field; Smith, right-field.

On the afternoon of March 28th Princeton played her first game of the season, with Rutgers as an opponent. The score resulted twenty-three to two in favor of the Tigers.

The work of Titus behind the bat was a source of much joy, as also was Graham's, who shared the work with Titus. This position was one of the few which was thought might give trouble because of the graduation of all the old men.

Judging from their work Saturday, one or the other will pan out satisfactorily.

The eighteen hits made during the nine innings give some idea of Princeton's batting strength, though it cannot be said that the Rutgers twirler, Poole, was very "big potatoes."

Princeton has, it seems, in little Sutter, who so distinguished himself in foot-ball last fall, a valuable man. He apparently has the batting eye, and can field strongly.

CANADIAN HOCKEY.

The Canadian game of hockey is likely to furnish one of the leading sports in New York City during the winter of 1897.

The St. Nicholas Skating Club possess in their new building in West Sixty-sixth Street one of the finest plants of its kind in the world. The club, too, is as progressive as powerful in its membership, and it is by reason of this former spirit that hockey is coming to stay with New-Yorkers and furnish the kind of sport which is never less than wildly exciting.

It is the intention of the managers of the St. Nicholas Club to organize a hockey league, with the colleges fully represented, as also one or two of the more prominent athletic clubs in and about New York.

As a side issue the strongest of the Canadian teams will visit New York with the purpose of showing Americans how their game is played.

This Canadian game of hockey is perhaps as fast a game as any played, and the chances are innumerable of making brilliant, lightning-like plays, which drive an audience wild with excitement.

On the night of March 28th New-Yorkers were given a taste of the game, the St. Nicholas Club team playing a match with the Cornell University boys. Though Cornell was distinctly outplayed, enough of the fine points of the game were displayed to place it safely in popular favor.

The make-up of the St. Nicholas team was about the strongest aggregation possible to get together in America. Not less than three well-known lawn-tennis experts figured on the list, which was as follows: Thomas Barron, W. A. Larned, W. G. Chace, E. A. Crowninshield, forwards; C. P. Anderson, cover-point; R. D. Wrenn, point; E. Hewitt, goal.

A. T. Bull.

Mr. Wilder and His Talent.

OUR picture of Mr. Marshall P. Wilder entertaining the inmates of the Home for Incurables, at Tremont, this city, illustrates the inimitable humorist and impersonator in one of the most beneficent phases of his character. Mr. Wilder not only uses his gift of mimicry and personation for the entertainment of the general public, but he puts it to a better and more beneficent use in behalf of the poor and the unfortunate

who are "shut in" from the busy world, compelled to seek in hospitals, homes, and institutions of one sort and another, relief from physical and mental ailments. For a number of years Mr. Wilder has, under the patronage of a wealthy citizen, made one appearance every winter at a certain number of these institutions, and there are no audiences which are more appreciative than those which welcome him, delightedly, at these recurring visits. And, perhaps, if Mr. Wilder were asked for his opinion he would tell us that no applause is more grateful to him than that which comes from the suffering and forlorn ones to whose entertainment he is able to contribute on these occasions.

To the "Defender" Syndicate.

THE *Defender* cup, as will be seen by the reproduction herewith, is, with all its decorations, still a cup, and not removed from the possibility of practical use. It is, with the six-inch base, twenty-four inches in height, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five ounces. The design, which is appropriately suggestive of the yacht's name, represents a mermaid, or maiden of the sea, swimming around the body of the cup, closely pursued by a denizen of the deep, whose course is arrested by a rival candidate for the maiden's favor. The artist has chosen the moment when the defending and pursuing figures, with hair and beard blowing in the wind behind them, have come in conflict. The reverse side bears the presentation inscription and the seal of the yacht club. The inscription is:

"Presented by the New York Yacht Club to the owners of the *Defender*, in recognition of their successful defense of the America's Cup, in September 1895."

The whole design marks a distinct step forward in the matter of American industrial art. The cup was made by Messrs. Black, Starr & Frost.

Down With the Bad Statues!

WE shall be indebted to the promoters of the Heine memorial, whose scheme has been effectually baffled by legislative intervention, if they inadvertently succeed in awakening the artists and art lovers of New York to the abominable character of much of the public statuary and decorative sculpture that has been set up in the city.

We have a few good statues of eminent men, and the ideal in art has been worthily represented in a few examples. Brown, Ward, and St. Gaudens have contributed eminently successful works, but the larger part of our statuary is hopelessly mediocre, and many examples are so positively bad that good taste can only blush for the city that suffers them to remain in sight. It will not be worth while to descend to particulars. Every man familiar with Central Park knows that the shockingly bad examples are so thick that they sear his eye-balls.

It is true, I believe, that all the very worst works, in the park and elsewhere, were presented to the city. But they are none the less mischievous on that account, and they hurt us in various ways. There is one way, however, in which the damage is material as well as sentimental, and it cannot be too carefully considered by artists and all other persons who wish to see this city made illustrious by the refinements of its civilization. They damage our reputation as a people of æsthetic sensibility and culture.

A man who knows something of art, and who knows, also, that the great difference which some men think they see between American art and foreign art is measured rather by fashion than by knowledge or good taste, may be content to shrug his shoulders as he passes through Central Park and witnesses some of the abortions erected there in the name of sculpture. "Oh, this is not American art!" he may exclaim. "There is a statue of Shakespeare, over yonder, which is one of the best in the world. It was executed by an American sculptor. But nobody knows and nobody cares who thrust that effigy of Bobby Burns on the city. It ought not to reflect on American art."

True, it ought not to reflect upon American art. It reflects upon Scotch art, directly. But, indirectly, it reflects upon American art. It reflects upon the people of this city who allow such an abortive effort to be set up in the name of art, and the reflection rests finally on the artist. The Americans are a people without æsthetic taste or judgment, says the foreigner. They cannot even comprehend a work of art when they see it, much less produce one; and this dictum is, naturally enough and justly

enough, accepted abroad. Still more unhappily, too, for the American artist, it is accepted at home.

There should be no mistake here. The native artist is injured beyond calculation by the dreadful statuary of New York. Here is the American metropolis. If the ability to know good art is not to be found here it will not be sought elsewhere in this country; and while the city is filled with statuary that has no excuse for being, our artists will continue to be ranked as second rate, not only in Europe but at home. They might paint the best pictures and model the best statues that ever were seen, but if the reputation of the community for æsthetic feeling is low it will go very hard with the artist before he gets beyond his environment.

It is pleasant to know that the painters and sculptors have at last determined to make themselves felt in New York. But they have a good deal to do, and do not quite comprehend their full duty when they merely undertake to oppose



THE "DEFENDER" CUP.
By courtesy of Black, Starr & Frost.

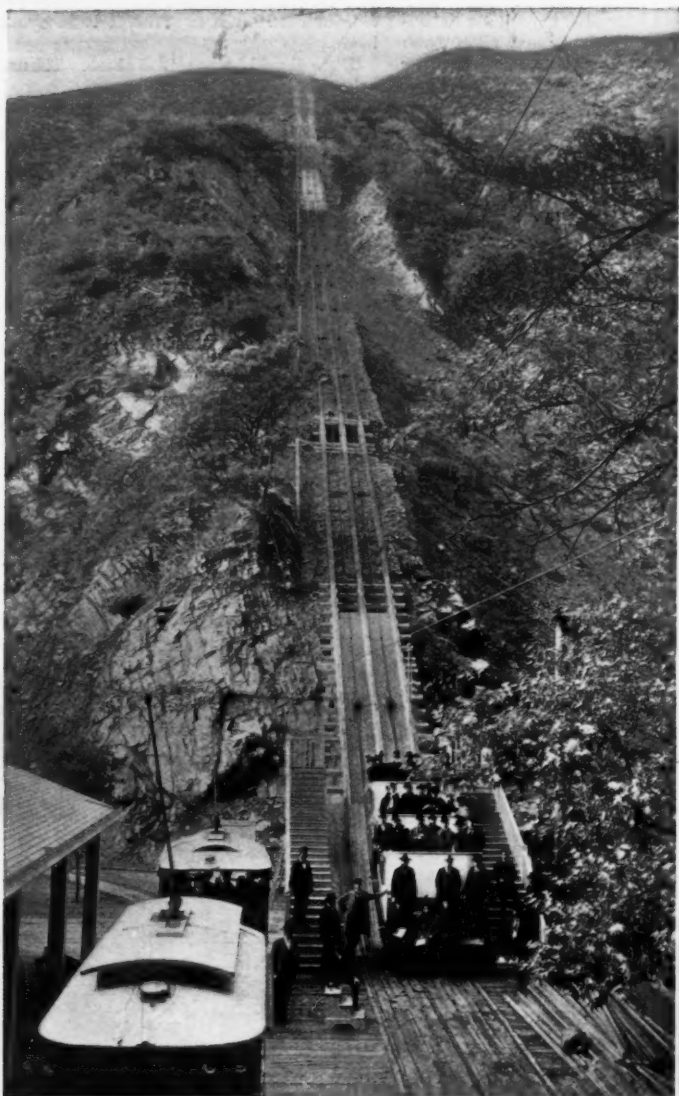
the acceptance of more bad works. They should help to relieve the city of its abortions.
W. N. BLACK.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.



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GREAT CABLE INCLINE, MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.



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RUBIO PAVILION, MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.



ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.

THE STEEPEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD, EXTENDING FROM ALTADENA TWO AND ONE-HALF MILES INTO THE HEART OF THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 245.]



ROCKING STONE AT TRUCKEE, CALIFORNIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



ICE-PALACE AND TOBOGGAN-SLIDE, TRUCKEE, CALIFORNIA.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 245.]



OSMAN DIGNA, THE LEADER OF THE DERVISHES.

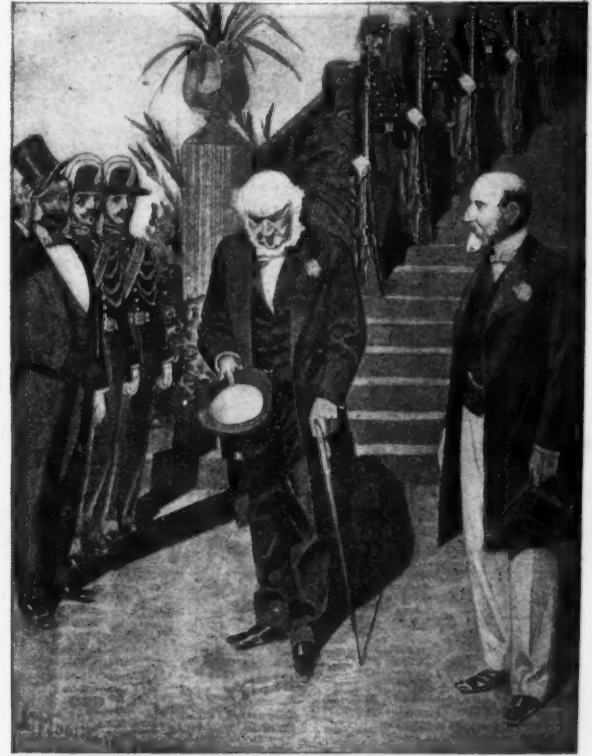
THE COMING CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUDAN—OSMAN DIGNA, THE DERVISH LEADER.—*London Graphic*.



ENGLISH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS ON THE MEDWAY.—*London Graphic*.



POPULAR MANIFESTATION IN THE PLACE COLONNA, ROME, OCCASIONED BY THE ABYSSINIA DISASTER. *Le Monde Illustré*.



MR. GLADSTONE LEAVING THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AT CANNES.—*Le Monde Illustré*



ANTI-AMERICAN FEELING IN BARCELONA, SPAIN—A HOSTILE MANIFESTATION AGAINST THE CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES.—*Le Monde Illustré*.

A SOLOMONETTE.

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INTEREST THREE PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Comptroller of the City of New York, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, until Thursday, the 2d day of April, 1896, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when they will be publicly opened, for the whole or a part of the following coupon or registered bonds and stock of the City of New York, principal and interest payable in gold coin of the United States of America, of the present standard of weight and fineness, to wit:

- \$1,575,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," issued for various public purposes—the principal payable November 1st, 1921.
- 258,400.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," for a new site and building for the College of the City of New York, and for the purchase of new stock or plant for the Department of Street Cleaning—the principal payable November 1st, 1915.
- 300,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," to provide for payments of awards, costs, etc., certified by the Change of Grade Damage Commission—the principal payable November 1st, 1910.
- 175,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "Additional Water Stock"—the principal payable November 1st, 1915.
- 400,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "Additional Croton Water Stock of the City of New York"—the principal payable November 1st, 1915.
- 1,700,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "Dock Bonds of the City of New York"—the principal payable November 1st, 1926.
- 5,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "Fire Hydrant Stock"—the principal payable November 1st, 1925.
- 542,414.99 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "School House Bonds"—the principal payable November 1st, 1915.

The proposals should be inclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and each proposal should also be inclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

For full information see City Record.
ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller,
CITY OF NEW YORK—FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Comptroller's Office, March 16th, 1896.

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